

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO JOHN.W.TROTTER.

1897

DATTIE ABENLY BALLOON

SONG AND CHORUS

WORDS BY

CHAS. A. PUSEY.

MUSIC BY

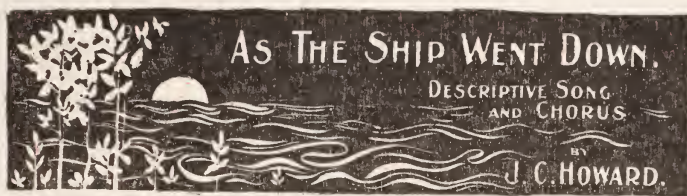
HARRY BRAHAM.



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NEW SONG SUCCESSES



AS THE SHIP WENT DOWN.

DESCRIPTIVE SONG
AND CHORUS

J. C. HOWARD.

CHORUS.
Tempo di Valse.

Fare - well for - ev - er, To the friends a - cross the sea,
Fare - well for - ev - er, To the dear home land, "said he, "If
you should ev - er Reach the dear old town, Just say I
stuck to my post, As the ship went down, down, down.

As the ship went down. 3-5.

In The Baggage Coach Ahead.

SONG and REFRAIN.

Words & Music by GUSTAV L. DAVIS.

REFRAIN.

While the train rolled on ward a hus-band sat in tears,
Think - ing of the hap - pi - ness, of just a few short years, For
ba - by's face brings pic - tures of a cher - ished hope that's dead. But
ba - by's cries can't wak - en her In the baggage coach a - head.

Coach ahead. 4

EYES OF BROWN, EYES OF BLUE.

SONG AND CHORUS.

CHORUS.

Words and Music by CHARLES MILLER.

Eyes of brown, eyes of blue, Hearts that ev - er
are so true, There are just as true hearts in eyes of brown, As there
are in eyes of blue, Eyes of brown, eyes of
blue, Hearts that ev - er are so true, There are just as true
hearts in eyes of brown, As there are in eyes of blue.

Eyes of brown, eyes of blue. 3-5.

WHEN WE GO TO CHURCH AS LOVERS, AND COME BACK AS MAN AND WIFE. or Just a Quiet Little Wedding.

Words and Music by RAYMOND A. BROWNE.

Tempo di Valse.

There won't be an - y wed - ding bells, or dec - o - ra - tions rare, And
There won't be an - y car - riage grand, to car - ry us a - way, No
as for or - ange blos - soms why, there won't be a ny there, Just a
tion - ey - moon in for - eign lands, for right at home we'll stay, Just a
qui - et lit - tle wed - ding, just a qui - et, hap - py life. When we
friend or may be two, to soo - us start - ed off in life. When we
go to church as lov - ers, and come back as man and wife.

Just a quiet little wedding. 3-5.

FOR SALE AT ALL MUSIC STORES.

TO JOHN W. TROTTER.

DAT HEABENLY BALLOON.

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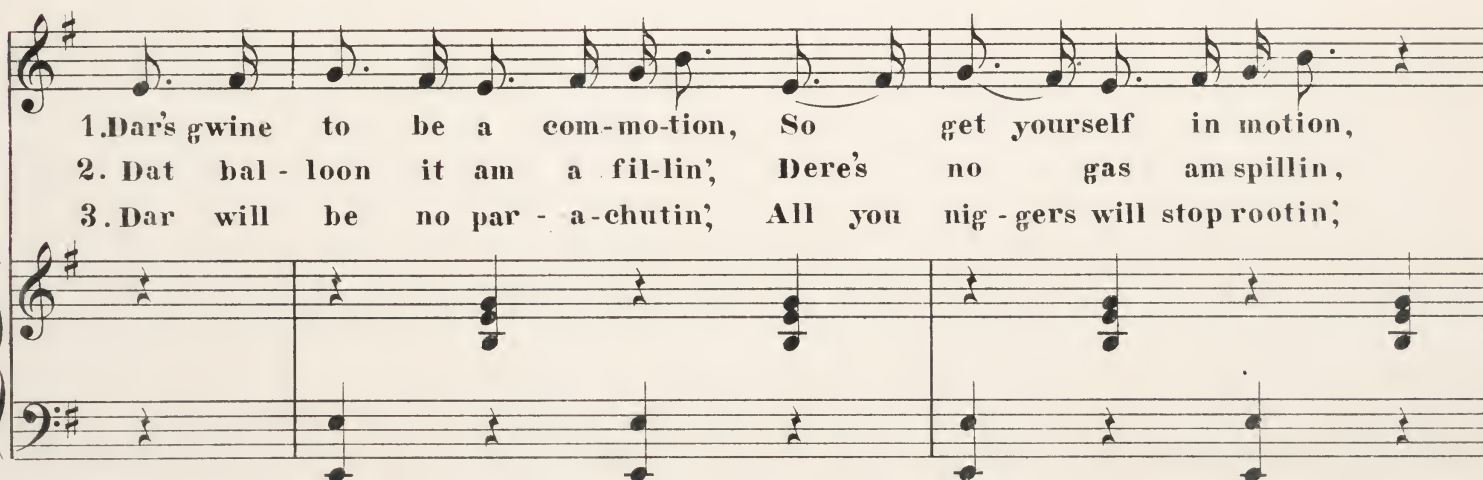
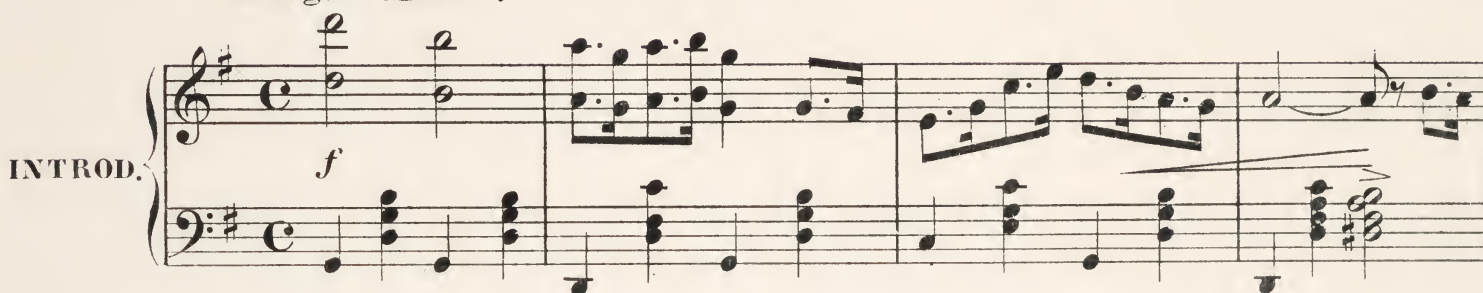
SONG AND CHORUS.

Words by CHAS. A. PUSEY.

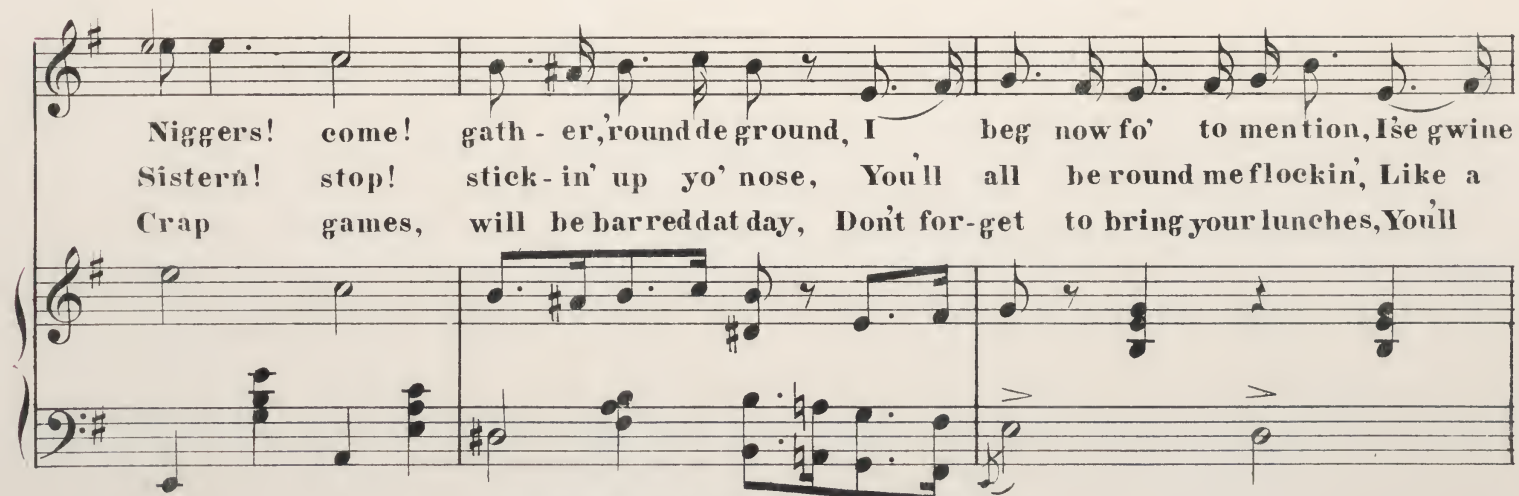
Music by HARRY BRAHAM.

Allegro Mod^{to}.

INTROD.



1. Dar's gwine to be a com-mo-tion, So get yourself in motion,
2. Dat bal-loon it am a fil-lin', Dere's no gas am spillin',
3. Dar will be no par-a-chutin', All you nig-gers will stop rootin',



Niggers! come! gath-er, round de ground, I beg now fo' to mention, Ise gwine
Sistern! stop! stick-in' up yo' nose, You'll all be round me flockin', Like a
Crap games, will be barred dat day, Don't for-get to bring your lunches, You'll

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to make an as-cen-sion, In a big bal-loon next Sun-day
 lot of hens a cluckin' To ride in dat bal-loon on Sun-day
 have to git in bunches, And serouge in dat bal-loon on Sun-day

morn - ing, Dere will be no chick-en steal-in' All your
 morn - ing, Do not be a-shamed of col - or, For you'll
 morn - ing, Yaller gals will do the huch - ee kuch - ee, And

raz-ors you will have to leave be - hind, — Dere's no need for to conceal dem, I am
 all be washed as white and pure as snow, — Come quick, for I'll be waitin' I don't
 don't forgit to leave your trilby's bare, — You'll need no shoes at all, For to

sure you will not need dem, If you take dat trip on Sun-day morn - ing.
 want no imps of Satan, To ride in dat balloon on Sun-day morn - ing.
 walk dem gol-den streets, So you bet - ter ride with me next Sun-day morn - ing.

CHORUS.

Come! all you col-ored brethern, And all you dusk-y sis-tern,

p 2^d time f

Come up to glo-ry, for we're all gwine soon; —

Way o - - ver yon - - der, Where dey make all dat thun-der,

Sail-in' to glo-ry, in dat heabnly bal-loon. loon.

f *ff*

Dat heabenly balloon 3.

I Don't Love Nobody.

I Don't Love Nobody.

Song and Chorus.

Song and Chorus.

CHORUS.

Words & Music by LEW SULLY

I don't love a no - bo - dy no - bo - dy loves me

You're af - ter my mon - ey don't care for me

I'm gwine to live sin - gle al - ways a be free

I don't love a no - bo - dy no - bo - dy loves me me

I Just Got A Message From Mars.
SONG & CHORUS

SONG & CHORUS

Words & Music by GLISSIE L. DAVIS

CHORUS

There aint no streets of Cai to there, so a 3-way plas
dance, There aint no where the coons can do no 3-way you ch
Cahce, There aint no japs there to shif vaps, a
Mao-guy of tol-try cals, It's no use to eig-ge for god
"can't do tha wif-ge, I just got a new sage from Mao There,
Blas

upon a message from Mary.

Wrote by KELLY JOHNSON

Music by BOB COLE

All the hot dressed Coons of the black four
 tun - dred, The pub - lic who - dred, why they were
 cum - bered, Swell col - ored belles, round let you
 dream - ing, While they're pranc - ing and they're danc - ing at the
 black four hun - dreda ball! All the hot dressed Coons

The South Sea Bubble

"I love my honey, Yes I do!"

Words and Ideas of
WILL C. CARLSON

VOICE.

Allº moderato.

PIANO.

A musical score for a song titled "The Rose Tree". The score is written for voice and piano. The voice part is on a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The tempo is marked "Allº moderato." and the piano part is marked "PIANO." with a dynamic marking of "f". The piano part consists of two staves, with the right hand in the upper staff and the left hand in the lower staff. The music is in 2/4 time. The score includes a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line starts with a whole note G4, followed by a half note A4, and then a half note B4. The piano accompaniment starts with a quarter note G3, followed by a quarter note A3, and then a quarter note B3. The score is written in a simple, clear style with a white background and black ink. The text "The Rose Tree" is written in a decorative font at the top of the page. The tempo marking "Allº moderato." is written in a smaller font below the vocal staff. The piano marking "PIANO." is written in a bold font below the piano staff. The dynamic marking "f" is written in a bold font below the piano staff. The score is a single page of music.

1 Co. d' coon has a wench wid big black eyes sad 1
 2 They talk 'bout dat Trill-by, wid her cun- n' n' lit- tle feet, gals sist
 3 Dere's a fake as well coon, thinks he owns dis town, had 1
 4. Dat gal eb mine is a red hot coon, had 1

love her yes I do! I've gone on dat nig-ger for she
 in de in a place, For my bab-ys cum-min' too-les they
 know in yes I do! Some day nig-ger will
 know li yes I do! So him goin' to buy her.

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